

Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. J. B. Gambrell

TWO LIVES.

"We have two lives about us.
Within us and without us."
—Stoddard.

One like the surface of a stream,
Where ripples break and swift cars gleam,
Cloud-shadows grey or white as snow,
Float softly, and rich sunsets glow.

He other like its current deep,
Borne on with strong and constant sweep,
Through tangled wild or fertile plain,
To the deep, boundless, pathless main.

Between these lives so closely mixed
No boundary lines are ever fixed:
So blended they forever run,
Though they are two, yet they are one.

And aught which lifts the soul's deep thought
Tinges the surface fair, we know,
While much which taints the surface flies
Sinks down, and the still current rises.

The one, untried, all real appears:
A shifting scene of smiles and tears,
Greetings and partings, labor, strife,
Of gain and loss, which we call life.

The other hidden life of thought,
From unseen springs of being caught,
With feeling's undercurrent rife,
Is life—the only real life.

THE LITTLE THING WHO STEALS MY TIME.
BY MISS SUSAN L. PERRY.

There is a little thief who steals
My golden hours away;
From dawn till close of day,
I awaken in the morning,
And plan so much to do,
Of my making and not mending,
All sorts of home-work, too;
But when the night's dark curtains fall
I've none but a little of it all.

She has eyes as bright and black,
This cunning little elf;
And has such taking little ways,
I scarcely know, myself,
When she purloins my time from me;
And though I watch it well,
It disappears mysteriously
Beneath her magic spell.

You would believe all that I say,
Did you but know my baby May.
Mid pillows white, I put her in
The "Sticky-hollow chair";
Then, with authority, I say
"Now, baby, must sit there;
Your rubber bow, so soft, that cries,
Your Cape Cod-dolly too.

The rattles-bow, and string of spoons,
I've brought to you all to you;
I turn away, and look to see
But glance once back, and meet those eyes.

I see the baby lands attempt
Their little "Patty-cake";
To leave her then, it seem to me
As if my heart would break.
And so I stop, and help her tell
The "baker man" all through;
Show how he tosses the cake so high,
Then I play peek-a-bo.

Or tell upon her little toes
How this wee pig to market goes.
I never thought that I should be
So blind, and foolish too;
But when a baby's in your house
You don't know what you'll do.
Yet, after all, sometimes I think
These treasures she'll restore.

To me in the long years to come,
A hundredfold or more,
When I am old, this baby mine
May give to me her precious time.
—N. F. Evangelist.

Editorial.

Love's Victory.

There has been an unusually beautiful connection between the Sabbath-school lessons for two or three Sabbaths past. The contrast which has been drawn between knowledge and charity, the pre-eminence which has been given to Love, has surely prepared the hearts of the attentive, careful students to choose that which is enduring, that which builds up, rather than that which puffeth up making a brief show, and winning false success for a few short years. If we have taken in the fullness and sweetness of these truths, we are prepared to enter upon the study of the lesson of "Love's Victory over Death." No really sane person approaches a scene of death, without some feeling of awe at the dread presence. Naturally, Death is the great enemy of Life, the last enemy that shall be destroyed; but it shall be destroyed, so perfectly destroyed, that it is said to be "swallowed up in victory." To the hearts of the Corinthian Christians, (bowed down by the loss of friends, sorrowing because their brethren and sisters had fallen asleep before the second coming of their Lord, sorrowing because they supposed those who had closed their eyes in death could not welcome the coming Lord,) how precious the clear words of Paul, concerning the Resurrection, must have been. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It seemed that that sentence shut off all hope for every one; but quickly he proffers to show the mystery "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." How changed? Changed in our souls? No, only changed in our bodies, which shall be transformed from corruption to incorruption, from sinful to glorious bodies, like unto Christ's body. It is a great mystery, surely, but a precious truth nevertheless. This poor frail sinful body that has given us so much trouble so much sorrow, to which we've given undue care many times, this body that has warred upon our spirit, always seeking to bring it into bondage to sin; this body that has been so hard to keep under the power and

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A Contented Spirit.

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There was just the least bit of petulance in her voice, and a lady who had been sitting near, busily writing, raised her eyes from the page, as the tone, not the words, made an impression on her ear.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked, for the girl sighed as she lifted the ruffles of dark cloth she had been hemming, and began to sew again, putting her needle swiftly in, as if from the very expending of her energy there came relief. She did not answer the question for a moment, and it was repeated, as Mrs. Lacy put down her writing and crossed to her side. Lifting the girl's downcast face, she looked into the eyes, which were full of unshed tears, and gently said:

"You are tired, Amy, dear; let us have a little talk; for you have been busy for a time. Now tell me what it is that has made you unhappy?"

There was no resisting Aunt Fanny's loving voice and words, and Amy half-ashamedly put aside her work, as she said:

"I am not exactly unhappy, Aunt, but I could not help thinking how differently some people are placed in this world, and how unequally riches and other privileges are distributed. Here I am, the daughter of a poor clergyman, the eldest in a family of six children. Mother would help me in mending, dress-making, and housework. I am fond of my books; you know how I enjoy music, how I would love to continue my lessons, and have the opportunity of hearing good music often, and yet all is so different from what I want it to be. I am not often discontented, but I am so tired this afternoon, and the day is so glorious to be indoors, and I felt if this dress had not to be finished for Bertie to wear to church tomorrow, I would gladly escape to the woods, and take a long rest. And while I was wishing to be free as a bird, I saw Miss Benton drive by in her lovely carriage, and I could not but contrast our lives. She was beautifully dressed as usual, and she never seems to have anything harder to do than enjoy herself, and she is just my age, and—and—and," here poor Amy broke down utterly, and sobbed out a few incoherent words. Mrs. Lacy soothed her for a little in silence, then began tenderly:

"As you truly say, Amy, you are not often discontented. Your patient, cheerful doing of the tasks which lie before you, even though they are distasteful oftentimes, is very pleasant for me to see. You are relieving your dear mother, and giving her the leisure she could not otherwise obtain, and her sweet face, her anxieties and past cares have left their traces, is growing young again. Your father, too, is happy in his work, feeling that all the burdens and privations of a poor clergyman's lot are not borne alone by his loved wife, but are shared by a loving daughter, who is constantly striving to aid those about her. You see, dear, you are doing a good work; this is your mission, for a time at least, while your little sisters and brothers need care. Sometimes it may seem dull and monotonous, these daily tasks, but a contented spirit, which God gives to his sincere followers, will help you along wonderfully. Contentment is a great blessing, and we are all told to cultivate it in ourselves. We may have our trials and privations, but we have besides much for which to give thanks daily. Our health, our kind friends, and hosts of other mercies are ours. We must try and remember, too, that we are in far better circumstances than are many others."

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"You are tired, Amy, dear; let us have a little talk; for you have been busy for a time. Now tell me what it is that has made you unhappy?"

There was no resisting Aunt Fanny's loving voice and words, and Amy half-ashamedly put aside her work, as she said:

"I am not exactly unhappy, Aunt, but I could not help thinking how differently some people are placed in this world, and how unequally riches and other privileges are distributed. Here I am, the daughter of a poor clergyman, the eldest in a family of six children. Mother would help me in mending, dress-making, and housework. I am fond of my books; you know how I enjoy music, how I would love to continue my lessons, and have the opportunity of hearing good music often, and yet all is so different from what I want it to be. I am not often discontented, but I am so tired this afternoon, and the day is so glorious to be indoors, and I felt if this dress had not to be finished for Bertie to wear to church tomorrow, I would gladly escape to the woods, and take a long rest. And while I was wishing to be free as a bird, I saw Miss Benton drive by in her lovely carriage, and I could not but contrast our lives. She was beautifully dressed as usual, and she never seems to have anything harder to do than enjoy herself, and she is just my age, and—and—and," here poor Amy broke down utterly, and sobbed out a few incoherent words. Mrs. Lacy soothed her for a little in silence, then began tenderly:

"As you truly say, Amy, you are not often discontented. Your patient, cheerful doing of the tasks which lie before you, even though they are distasteful oftentimes, is very pleasant for me to see. You are relieving your dear mother, and giving her the leisure she could not otherwise obtain, and her sweet face, her anxieties and past cares have left their traces, is growing young again. Your father, too, is happy in his work, feeling that all the burdens and privations of a poor clergyman's lot are not borne alone by his loved wife, but are shared by a loving daughter, who is constantly striving to aid those about her. You see, dear, you are doing a good work; this is your mission, for a time at least, while your little sisters and brothers need care. Sometimes it may seem dull and monotonous, these daily tasks, but a contented spirit, which God gives to his sincere followers, will help you along wonderfully. Contentment is a great blessing, and we are all told to cultivate it in ourselves. We may have our trials and privations, but we have besides much for which to give thanks daily. Our health, our kind friends, and hosts of other mercies are ours. We must try and remember, too, that we are in far better circumstances than are many others."

"I know all that, Aunt," interrupted Amy, "but I am sure rich people have far less to annoy them than poor people have. I do not believe Miss Benton knows what it is to 'count the cost.' She has every single thing that money can buy."

"Yes, everything," repeated Aunt Fanny, slowly, "everything but health."

"Oh, I forgot!" cried the girl, a blush dyeing her cheeks; "it never seems as if she was sick, she is always so bright, and is able to drive about. I did not remember that she could walk only a very little, poor girl. How I should feel if I was prevented from walking when and where I wished!"

Mrs. Lacy smiled.

"You see, dear, there is alloy in all that seems at first pure and precious; I do not mean to say that poverty brings happiness, and riches drive it away. Far from it; but I do mean to say, throwing aside the question of money, when other things are equal, that those

Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. J. B. Gambrell

TWO LIVES.

"We have two lives about us.
Within us and without us."
—Stoddard.

One like the surface of a stream,
Where ripples break and swift cars gleam,
Cloud-shadows grey or white as snow,
Float softly, and rich sunsets glow.

He other like its current deep,
Borne on with strong and constant sweep,
Through tangled wild or fertile plain,
To the deep, boundless, pathless main.

Between these lives so closely mixed
No boundary lines are ever fixed:
So blended they forever run,
Though they are two, yet they are one.

And aught which lifts the soul's deep thought
Tinges the surface fair, we know,
While much which taints the surface flies
Sinks down, and the still current rises.

The one, untried, all real appears:
A shifting scene of smiles and tears,
Greetings and partings, labor, strife,
Of gain and loss, which we call life.

The other hidden life of thought,
From unseen springs of being caught,
With feeling's undercurrent rife,
Is life—the only real life.

THE LITTLE THING WHO STEALS MY TIME.
BY MISS SUSAN L. PERRY.

There is a little thief who steals
My golden hours away;
From dawn till close of day,
I awaken in the morning,
And plan so much to do,
Of my making and not mending,
All sorts of home-work, too;
But when the night's dark curtains fall
I've none but a little of it all.

She has eyes as bright and black,
This cunning little elf;
And has such taking little ways,
I scarcely know, myself,
When she purloins my time from me;
And though I watch it well,
It disappears mysteriously
Beneath her magic spell.

You would believe all that I say,
Did you but know my baby May.
Mid pillows white, I put her in
The "Sticky-hollow chair";
Then, with authority, I say
"Now, baby, must sit there;
Your rubber bow, so soft, that cries,
Your Cape Cod-dolly too.

The rattles-bow, and string of spoons,
I've brought to you all to you;
I turn away, and look to see
But glance once back, and meet those eyes.

I see the baby lands attempt
Their little "Patty-cake";
To leave her then, it seem to me
As if my heart would break.
And so I stop, and help her tell
The "baker man" all through;
Show how he tosses the cake so high,
Then I play peek-a-bo.